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OUR ROYAL REGENT's noble mind,
 Despising reptiles of thy kind,
 Will check thy mad career, thou'lt find,
 and rend thy robe of sanctity!

Then Febru'ry with haggard aspect came,
 Its gloomy features, heavy, cold, and chill,
 Producing almost nothing, worthy name,
 Save, that THE PRESS to snaffle; many a bill
 Was mov'd by *Yorke*...a senator of fame.
 Who likewise mov'd, that strangers should withdraw,
 And, while the *Watchmen* debate went on,
 Should no admission be...and this strange law
 Pass'd as it might...excluding every one.

Yorke likewise mov'd...(no doubt with good intent),
 That every person should imprison'd be,
 Who thought or spoke, or wrote, or meant,
 That, ought of wrong, was done by ministry,
 Which pass'd, and JOHN GALE JONES...this plight did dree!
 With many more to loathsome dungeons went.

Well done good imps, now let's your cases search,
 And see, what mighty things were done in MARCH;
 Which frowning came, in stature stern and high,
 Snuffing the air, with manners sharp, and dry.

Upon its records little doth appear,
 Nay, almost nothing, to be noted here,
 Save, what I, gossip-like, do now advise ye,
 That BONI...casting off his former doxy,
 Did, on th' twentieth day, express by proxy,
 At Vienna...the Austrian dame LOUISA!
 'Twill be rare sport, if from this union spring*
 A new dynasty both of kings, and queens.

There was besides some house of commons work,
 A Colonel *Lethbridge*...follow'd Colonel *Yorke*,
 And up conjuring all the speaker's power,
 Sent *vi* and ARMS...SIR FRANCIS to the tower.

APRIL, now smiling comes...but apropos...
 Ere I go further, I must let you know,
 That tho' I said SIR FRANCIS was, in March,
 Sent to the tower, yet on minute research,
 I find such declaration was amiss...
 He was not sent until the ninth of this
 Same present month, and that to send him then
 Requir'd the aid of thirty thousand men,
 With cannons loaded, prim'd, and matches lighted!
 The guilty mind is always sore affrighted...
 SIR FRANCIS...innocent, serene, and mild,
 Quite undismay'd, amid this wild uproar!
 Desir'd his man...to shut the outer door,
 And, unconcern'd, sat PLAYING WITH HIS CHILD!
 Thus, one "high minded MAN,"

* See Ode from *Alceus*, in this Magazine,

Who knows his *rights*, and knowing dare maintain,"
 Against the force of thousands, can
 Show Britons, that a tyrant's force is vain;
 And all his threats "pass like the idle wind,"
 Where virtue "arms in honesty the mind."

Of all th' occurrences in *MAY*,
 Little remains for us to say;
 Save that upon the ninth, the house
 With huge majority
 Rejected maugre all condition,
 The *LONDON LIVERY* petition.

Upon the seventeenth, we'll show,
 A county meeting in *MAYO*;
 Where, 'twas resolv'd, much to their credit,
 That *CATH'LIC CLAIMS*, (and they have said it.)
 A measure for our safety wanted,
 Should be at once... granted.

The eighteenth, after much debate,
 Their claims did meet a different fate,
 And were upon *ST. STEPHEN'S* Boat,
 (Majority... on: hundred four !)
 Thrown out, as had been long expected,
 And, spite of eloquence,* rejected.

Upon this month, to close the book,
 Last day thereof, a *ROYAL DUKE*...
 When sleeping sound in his own palace
 Was nearly murder'd by one *Selis*,
 A fellow either mad, or jealous.

(To be Continued.)

CALDERONE.

Edinteeullo, 11th January, 1811.

REPLY OF THE PRINTERS TO CALDERONE.

WHEN Poets, just like Panzousts Sybill,
 On scraps of leaves their verses scribble,
 So small and light they seem inclin'd,
 Like hers, to flit before the wind;

When, with Parnassus the whole soul in,
 The eye, "while in fine frenzy rolling,"
 Disdains to leave its scenes inviting,
 To see what letters hands are writing;

When words appear their lines among,
 Which seem from Babel's tower sprung,
 Constructed by no one tongue's rules,
 But form'd from two... a sort of mule;

When too they think it impudence,
 If of their lines we mend the sense;
 You should correct the press yourself,
 Or be no more a grumbling elf.

RALPH.

* See Grattan's speech on that occasion.